

ALL COMICS  
DELL OCTOBER 1950

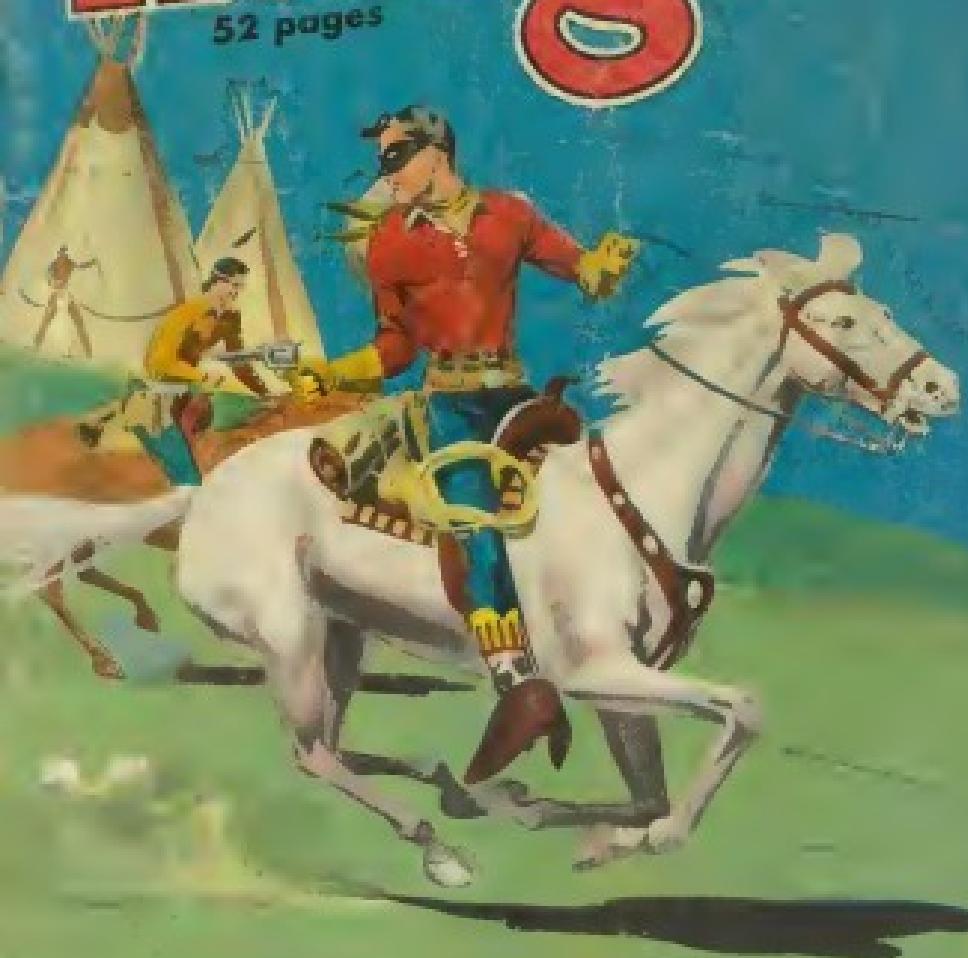
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OCTOBER

# The Lone Ranger

ALL COMICS!

52 pages



# KINDIAN LORE

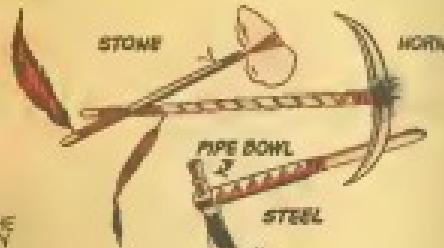
## "How"

THE WORD "HOW" COMMONLY USED IN FICTION AS AN INDIAN GREETING IS TRULY AN INDIAN GREETING, THOUGH IT IS NOT AS ORIGINALLY SUPPOSED, THE SAME AS THE WHITE MAN'S WORD "HOW". IN INDIAN IT IS PRONOUNCED "HAW" AND SPelled "HAH" OR "HAW" WHICH MEANS "ALL RIGHT" "IT IS WELL" OR "SO GOOD".

## TOMAHAWKS

TOMAHAWKS WERE USED ALONE AS IMPLEMENTS THAN AS WEAPONS. THE WORD "TOMAHAWK" COMES FROM AN IROQUOIS WORD "TAHWAH-HACK", MEANING "LITTLE AXE".

FANCY TYPES OF TOMAHAWKS WERE MOSTLY CEREMONIAL, OVER, SOME WERE MADE OF STONE, OTHERS OF HORN, AND LATER SILVER, OTHERS OF STEEL.



## A NAVAJO SUPERSTITION

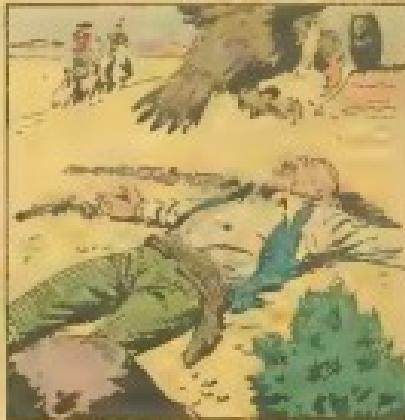
#### **"PROLOGUE" CONVENTION**

A NAVAJO INDIAN BELIEVES THE  
COYOTE TO BE A CHILD OF VERY  
BAD LUCK. IN FACT, THE NAVAJO'S  
WILL NEVER, IF POSSIBLE, ALLOW A  
CONCRETE TO CROSS THE ROAD  
AHEAD OF THEM. THEY HAVE BEEN  
FORCED TO CIRCLE MANY MILES OUT  
OF THE COUNTRY IN THE HOPE OF  
GETTING AROUND THE CONCRETE  
BEFORE IT CAN CROSS THEIR PATH.



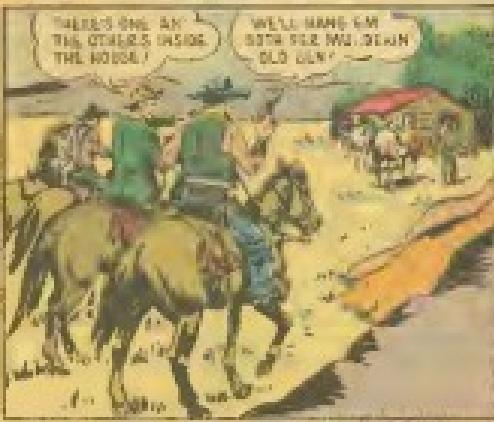
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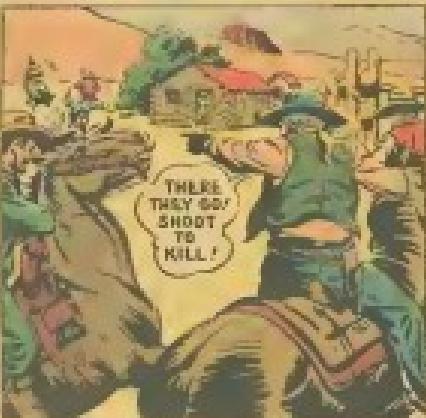
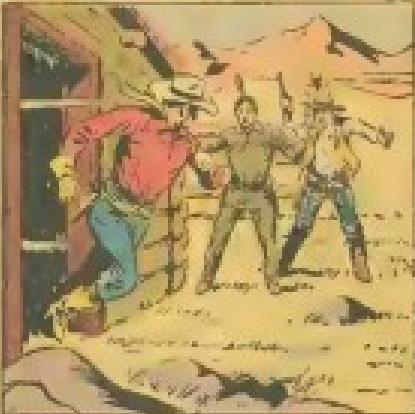
# The LONE RANGER







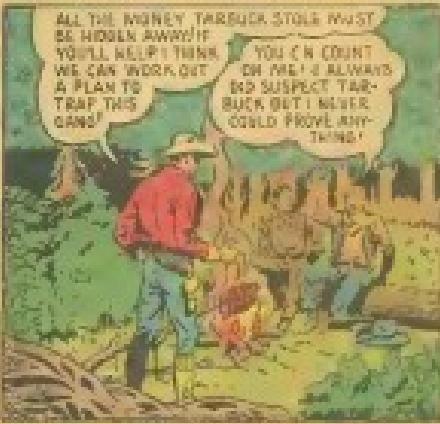
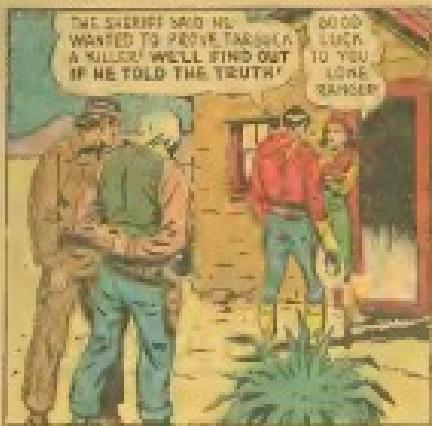




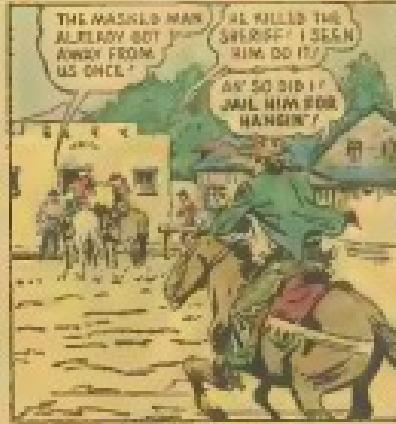


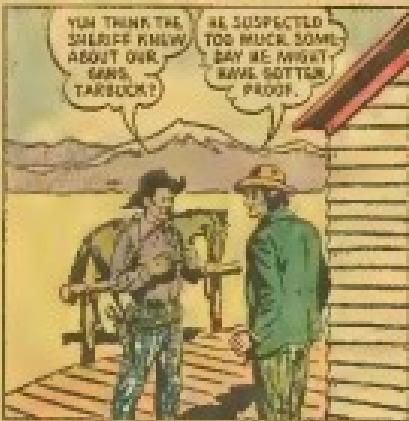
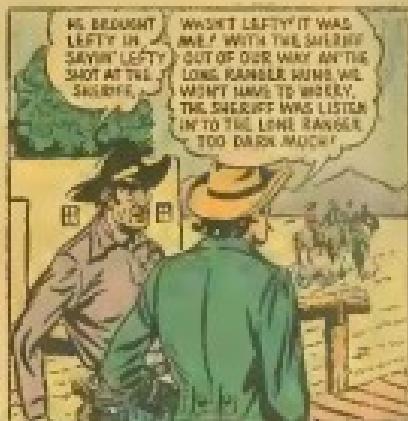
TWO HOURS AFTER A FROSTLESS CHASE





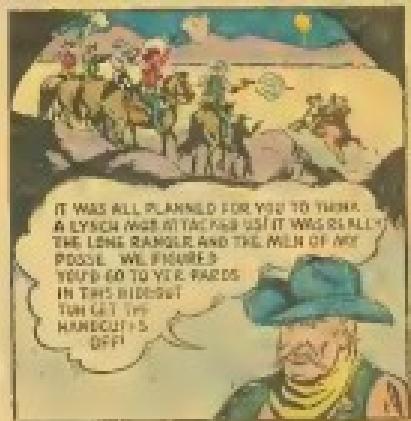












# The Lone Ranger

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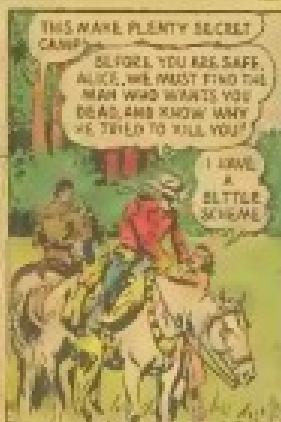
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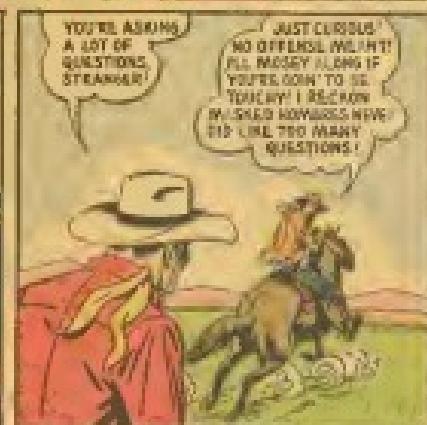




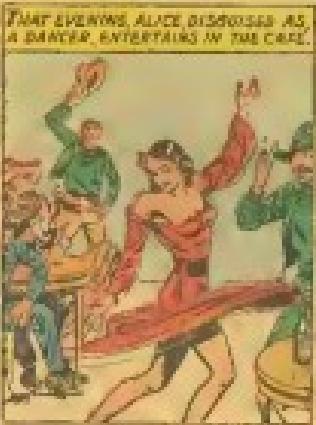






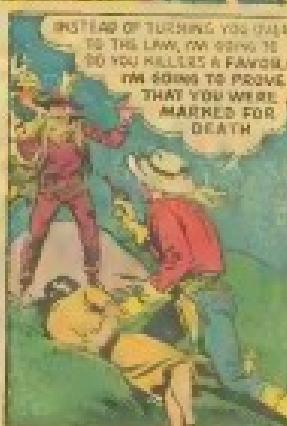














BY HOWIE TORO © 1948 MARVEL COMICS GROUP



LOGAN SAID HE GAVE THEM  
THE TWO MEN TURN THEM  
BACK!

DROP THEM  
LOGAN! WHAT TH--

JUST LIKE THE MASKED MAN  
SAID! THE COLE CAT LOGAN  
WAS AWIN' THIN ROLL US LIKE  
HE DID THE OTHERS!



WAIT,  
MEN!

THE LONE RANGER TOLD  
US TO COME HERE LIKE  
WE WERE AN' BIT PROOF  
THAT YOU SCRIMMED TO  
SHOOT US, SO'S YOU  
WOULDN'T HAVE TO  
PAY US!

STAND CLEAR! THE LAW'S TIME  
A CHARGE NOW! WE GOT ALL WE NEED  
AGAINST YOU, LOGAN!



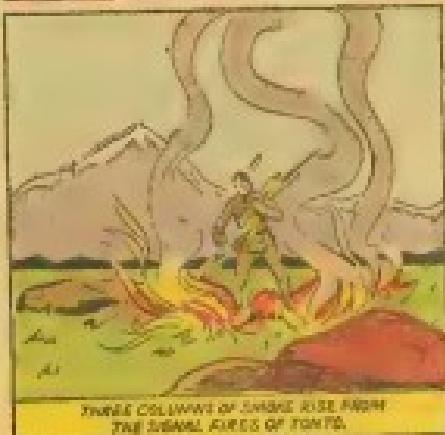
YOU'LL GET YOUR INHERITANCE NOW,  
ALICE, AND YOUR FATHER'S DEATH WILL  
BE PAID FOR BY THE HANGING OF LOGAN.

TAKE  
SILVER  
AWAY!

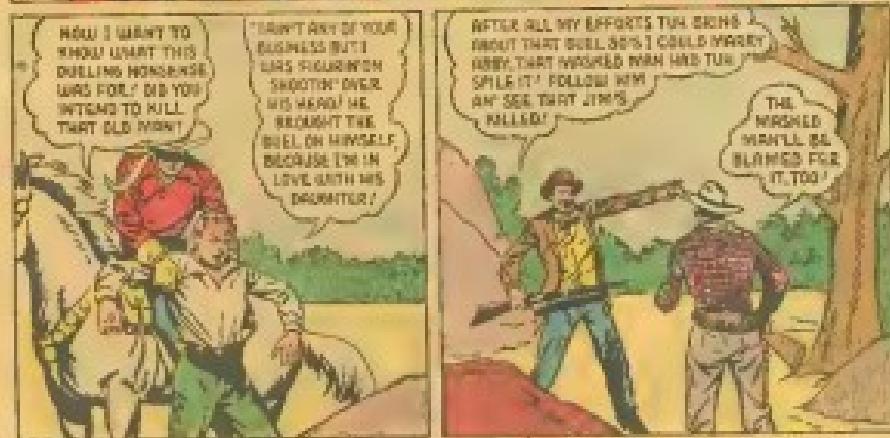
THE INHERITANCE...  
BUT NOT THE LOYAL  
OF THE LONE  
RANGER.



# The Lone Ranger



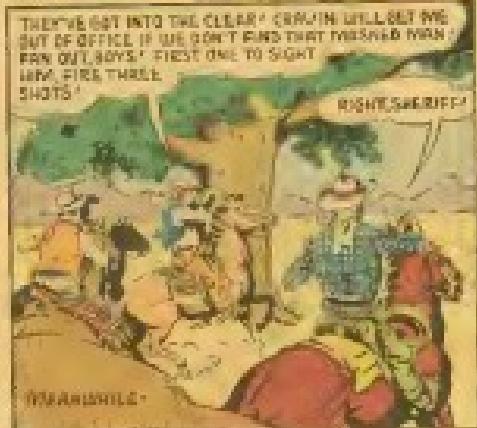


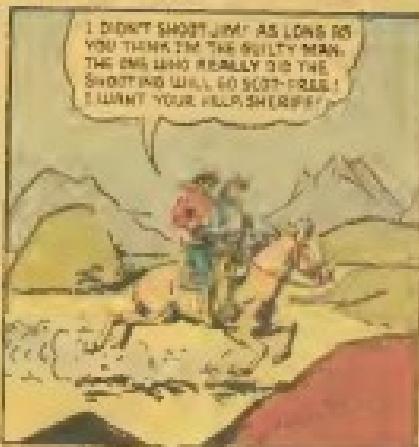




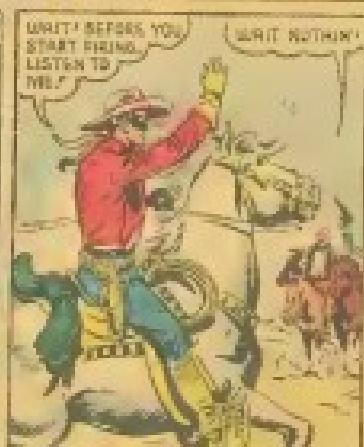
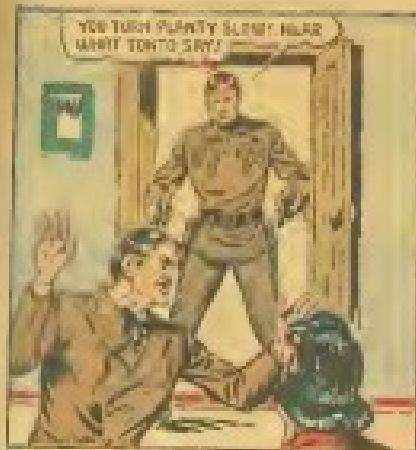


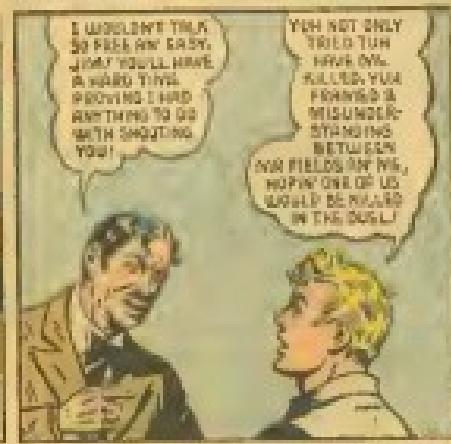
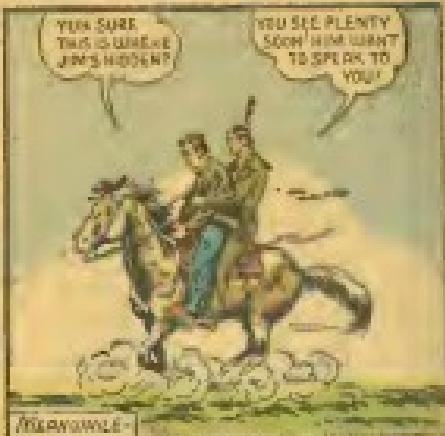














# Little Man PAYS A VOW



The tall pinto pony quit his early morning bucking, and lined out in a wolf-swift gallop. Little Man, on his back, laughed for joy, feeling himself a part of his splendid mount. It was good, good, to feel a horse between his knees again. And now he could overtake the Comanches—the short, muscular tribesmen who had captured Little Man's friend, Buffalo Calf!

The thought of Buffalo Calf brought a shadow of grief to Little Man's face. His honor as a Navajo was pledged to rescue the younger boy—or die in the attempt. But there was more to it than that. Little Man blamed himself for leading his friend so deep into Mexico—and into Comanche territory. Following the Comanche trail afoot, he had almost given up hope.

Now, with the capture of the wild pony, Painted Horse, his chances were better. The enemy's tracks showed them to be only a few hours ahead. Little Man

watched the trail, the skyline, and everything between, knowing that life itself could hang on first sight of a dis-tinct rider.

It was not a rider, but his horse, that Little Man's keen eye spotted first. The animal was moving in a queer, jerky fashion. Drawing nearer, Little Man could make out the bulky, Mexican saddle—and then a dark object trailing from a stirrup.

It was a Mexican VAQUERO, shot dead with Comanche arrows. Mexicans were no friends of the Navajos, so Little Man did not go nearer. Instead, he quartered back and forth like a wolf after trail signs.

And signs were not hard to find! They told of a sudden attack by Comanches on the Mexicans in charge of a horse herd. The Mexicans had fled with their wounded, leaving one dead man behind. The Comanches had thrown the newly-captured ponies in with their other stolen animals, and headed southward at a run.

Looking in that direction, Little Man noted a darkening of the sky. A dust storm, coming fast! To the left of it, a line of bushes marked a winding arroyo—a shelter from the wind. He headed Painted Horse for it at top speed.

Crouched in the gully with his blanket over his head, Little Man waited out the storm. It did not last long. Two hours later, he was riding again, to pick up the Comanche trail. Beyond the

hills he found it—but now a new danger threatened. A DUST CLOUD WAS TRAILING HIM!

Little Man guessed what it was—a Mexican posse, looking for Comanche horse thieves, had struck his own single trail! Very good! He would lead them to the broad track of their enemies.

Back and forth, the Navajo boy rode his pinto at a gallop, stirring up dust in a pale cloud it rose on the breeze—like a signal flag to the trailing Mexicans. When he was certain that they had seen it, he rode in plain view along the Comanche track.

The posse rode fast, once they struck the broader trace. Thundering through a notch between two rocky buttes, they missed completely the boy and the pointed pony watching from a mesquite clump at one side.

"When they catch up with the Comanches," Little Man chuckled, "there will be a big fight. I hope they attack at night, so I'll have a chance to get Buffalo Galf free in the confusion."

Hours later, Little Man stood on a hilltop, gazing down at two distant campsites. The farther fire marked the Comanches' camp—the nearer and smaller one, the Mexicans'. In the western sky still hung the last purple banner of sunset.

"I will pad the hoofs of Painted Horse with pieces of my blanket," the young Navajo decided. "Then I will creep up on the Mexican camp and see what they plan to do."

Not even a hunting coyote can move more silently than a Navajo, when he doesn't want to be noticed. Trained desert hunters that they were, the Mexicans never guessed that an Indian lay within a biscuit-throw of their supper fire. Little Man could have run off all their horses without any trouble—but he had not come for that.

"A medio noche," he heard their leader say, "cuando duermen los Indios."

Noislessly, Little Man slipped back to his horse. He had heard, and he understood enough Mexican to know the score now. He would have barely time to work out his own scheme—if it turned out to be workable at all!

The pinto's padded hoofs fell as softly as cat's paws as they circled the posse. But at a full two hundred yards from the Comanche camp, Little Man had his pony. Indian ears would be keen, and those of the camp dogs even sharper.

This camp was more like a village. At least twenty Buffalo skin lodges occupied the center of a well-watered ravine. Women squatted by small cook fires,



chewing on meat that their full-fed warriors had left. Near another fire, a dozen children were enjoying a savage little game.

With shrieks of laughter, they were tossing chunks of prickly cactus, stones and blazing twigs at something that crouched in the center of a cholla patch. The "thing" was Buffalo Calf.

To his mixed horror and relief, Little Man saw that his friend was tied by the thumbs to the horns of an old buffalo skull. He had to stoop and rest the skull on the ground, because carrying it put a painful strain on his thumbs. Buffalo Calf could not sit down—for the ground was littered with branches of cholla, each one like the tail of an angry cat, with each "hair" a cruel, poisoned thorn!

Buffalo Calf could not dodge the things thrown at him—for to step backwards or forwards or sidewise brought him in contact with living cholla plants. He had to remain stooping, tormented, waiting in brave silence for the children to get tired of their sport. Otherwise, he had not been horned.

Watching from the edge of camp, Little Man gritted his teeth. "May midnight come soon!" he breathed to himself. He shut his eyes, so as not to see his friend's misery.

At long last came the yell of a Comanche sentry—and a flurry of rifle shots. Then with a thunder of hoofs, the Mexicans charged the camp. Comanche arrows and a few rifles replied. The ravine rang with screams and war whoops. Most important of all—for Little Man—the children scuttled to cover, leaving Buffalo Calf unwatched.

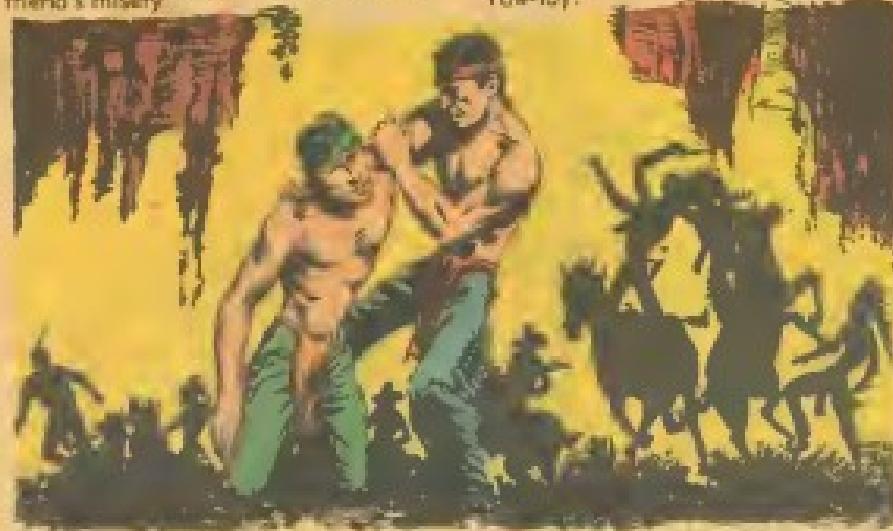
To reach his friend and cut the ropes binding him, was a moment's work for Little Man. A moment later, both boys had picked their way out of the cholla patch into the sheltering darkness.

"Help me!" muttered Buffalo Calf. "My legs—my back and shoulders are too stiff for running."

"My horse is near," replied Little Man. "And my heart is glad! I have paid my vow, Buffalo Calf—that I would save you or die."

Barely had the boys mounted on Painted Horse when a storm of hoof-beats swept toward them. As it passed, Little Man drummed his heels on his pony's ribs.

"The Comanches' horse herd!" he gasped in the dust. "We'll follow them! We'll drive them home, Buffalo Calf. Our people will be proud of us coming home with more horses than even Chief Medicine Bull can boast. Yow-toy! Yow-toy!"



# Young Hornet

YOUNG MAN! IT IS SNOWING! IT LOOKS LIKE A REAL STORM!

AND WE'RE A DAY'S JOURNEY FROM HOME, WITHOUT OUR FIRE STICKS!

HERE'S YOUR SLING OF THE MEAT—SLING IT ON YOUR SHOULDER, LITTLE BUCK!

MY SNAKE? BUT I COULD CARRY A LOT MORE—AND SO COULD YOU!

I DON'T CARE IF I CARRY ENOUGH TO SLOW US DOWN. IF WE STOP WITHOUT A FIRE, WE WILL FREEZE—and the DAKOTAS ARE ON THE WARPATH!



IF THE SNOW GETS ANY THICKER, WE CAN'T SEE—AND IT'S SETTING DARK!

WE CAN FOLLOW THE RIVER—it will bring us home by daylight!



BUT NOT FAR FROM THE BOYS' HOME VILLAGE, ON THE BLUFF ABOVE THE RIVER, A SIOUX WAR PARTY WAITS IN HIDE.



AS DAWN'S FIRST PAINT LIGHT STAINS THE SKY A  
NAMEFUL DAKOTA WARNS OF APPROACHING  
STRANGERS



NO, LITTLE WOMAN HAVE  
YOU LOST YOUR WAY?

DAKOTAS THEY ARE ALL  
AROUND US!



WE'LL SEND YOU TO THE HAPPY HUNTING  
GROUND -- WHERE YOUR PEOPLE WILL  
JOIN YOU SOON!



I'LL TAKE YOU WITH ME

LUCHI

-- DAKOTA!



FIFTY FEET THROUGH SPACE FALL THE DAKOTA  
BRAVE AND THE MANDARIN YOUNGSTER



WITH A HEAVY CRUNCH THE DAKOTA STIRRIES ALL





IN DESPAIRATION, YOUNG HAWK CLIMBS OUT OF HIS FROZEN CLOTHES

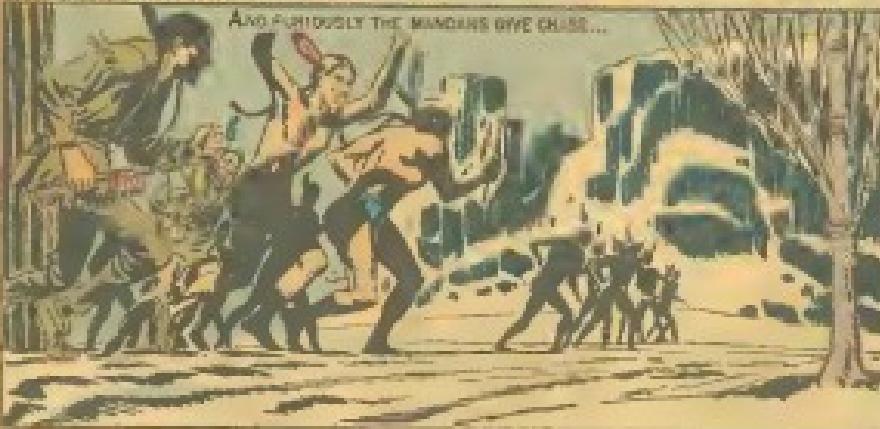
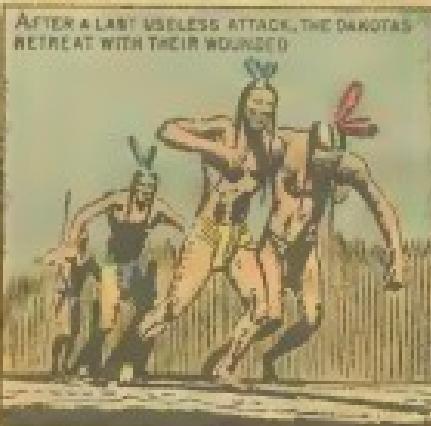
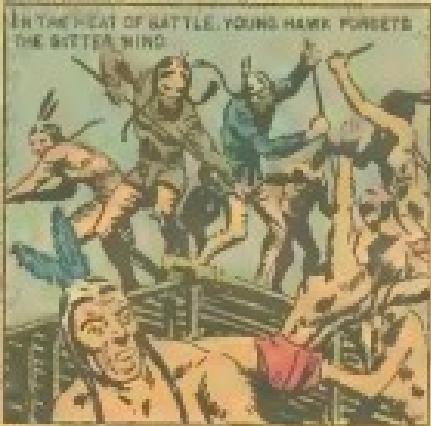


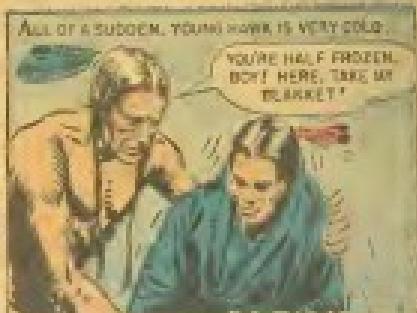
LIKE SKULMING WOLVES, THE DAKOTAS CREEP TOWARD THE SLEEPING VILLAGE...



BUT FROM THE RIVER TRAIL RISES YOUNG HAWK'S PIERCING GAIL







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LONE RANGER TOO! I BRING  
YOU THRILLING STORIES OF  
HOW MY PEOPLE LIVED, HUNTED,  
AND FOUGHT IN THE GREAT  
WESTERN PLAINS.



**YOUNG HAWK**

